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ALCILIA.

Philoparthens louing FOLLY.

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WHEREVNTO IS added *Pigmalions* Image:

WITH

C. 39 K.

The Loue of AMOS and LAVRA.

LONDON.
Printed for *Richard Hawkins*, dwelling in Chancery-Lane, neere Sericants Inne. 1619.

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WHEREVNTO IS
added Pigmalions Image:

BRITISH MUSEUM

WITH

The Loue of AMOS and
LAVRA.

LONDON.
Printed for Richard Hamkins, dwelling in
Chancery-Lane, neere Sericants
Inne. 1619.

A LETTER, written by a Gentleman, *to the Author his Friend.*

FRiend *Philoparthens*, in perusing your Louing folly; and your declining from it, I do behold Reason conquering Passion. The infirmity of louing, argueth you are a man; the firmnesse thereof discouereth a good wit, and the best nature; and the falling from it, true vertue. Beauty was alwaies of force to mislead the wisest; and men of greatest perfection haue had no power to resist Loue. The best are accompanied with Vices, to exercise their Vertues, whose glory shineth brightest in resisting motiues of pleasure, and in subduing affections. And though I cannot altoge-

ther excuse your *Louing-folly*; yet I doe the lesse blame you, in that you loued such a one, as was more to be commended for her vertue then beauty; albeit euen for that too, shee was so well accomplished with the gifts of nature, as in mine owne conceit (which, for good cause, I must submit as inferiour to yours) there was nothing wanting, either in the one or the other, that might adde more to her worth, except it were a more due and better regard of your loue, which she required not according to your deserts, nor answerable to her selfe in her other parts of perfection: Yet herein it appeareth you haue made good vse of Reason, that being heretofore lost in youthfull vanity, haue now, by timely discretion, found your selfe. Let me entreat you to suffer these your passionate Sonnets to be published, which may peraduenture make others, possessed with the like humour of Louing, to follow your example in leauing and moue other *Alcibiades* (if there bee any) to imbrace deseruing loue while they may. Hereby also she shall know, and (it may be) inwardly repent the losse of your loue, and

ſee how much her perfections are blemiſhed by ingratitude, which will make your happineſſe greater, by adding to your reputation, then your contentment could haue beene in enioying your loue. At the leaſt wiſe, the wiſer ſort, howſoeuer in cenſuring them, they may diſlike of your errours; yet they cannot but commend and allow of your reformation; and all others that ſhall with indifferencie reade them, may reape thereby ſome benefite or contentment. Thus much I haue written as a Teſtimony of the good will I beare you, with whom I do ſuffer or reioyce, according to the quality of good hap, or misfortune, and ſo I take my leaue, reſting, as alwayes,

Yours moſt aſſured

PHILARETES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Author ipſe Philopartheos ad Libellum ſuum.

PArue Liber Domini vanos dicture labores,
Inſomnes noctes, ſollicitoſq; dies,
Errores varios, languentis tædia vitæ,
Mœrores certos, gaudia certa minus,
rnigiles curas, ſuſpiria, vota, querelas,
Et quæcunque pati dura coegit amor.
recor intrepidus, duram comiterq; ſalutans
Hac me eius cauſa ſuſtinuiſſe refer.
grato excipiet vultu rubicundula, nomen
Cùm titulo inſcriptum viderit eſſe ſuum.
rſitan & noſtri miſerebitur illa doloris,
Dicet, & ah quantum deſeruiſſe dolet:
q; nimis ſæuam, crudelemq; ipſa vocabit,
Cui non eſt fidei debita cura meæ;
uod ſiquidem eueniet, Domino ſolaminis illud,
Et tibi ſupremi muneris inſtar erit.
quis (vt eſt æquum) fatuos damnauerit ignes,
Pigritiæ fructus ingenijq; lenis:
Dominum cæcis tenebris erraſſe, ſed ipſum
Erroris tandem pœnituiſſe ſui,

Ad Libellum ſuum.

Me quoque re vera nec tot, nec tanta tuliſſe,
Sed ficta ad placitum multa fuiſſe refer.
Ah quanto ſatius (niſi mens mihi vana) fuiſſet
Iſta meo penitùs delituiſſe ſinu:
Quam levia in lucem prodire, aut luce carentis
Inſanam Domini prodere ſtultitiam.
Nil Amor eſt aliud, quàm mentis morbus, & error.
Nil ſapienter agit, nil bene, quiſquis amat.
Sed non cuique datur ſapere, aut melioribus vti,
Forte erit alterius, qui meus error erat.
Cautior incedit, qui nunquam labitur, atqui
Iam proprio cuadam cautior ipſe mala.
Si cui delicto gravior mea pœna videtur,
Illius in laudes officioſus eris.
Te ſi quis ſimili qui carpitur igne videbit,
Ille ſuam ſortem flebit, & ille meam.
Alcilliae obſequium ſupplex præſtare memento
Non minima officij pars erit illa tui.
Te fortaſſe ſua ſecura recondet in arca,
Et Solis poſthæc luminis orbus eris.
Nil referet, fateor me non prudenter amaſſe;
Vltima deceptæ ſors erit illa ſpei.
Bis proprio Phœbus curſu luſtraverat orbem,
Conſcius erroris, ſtultitiæq; meæ,
A quo primus Amor cœpit penetrare medullas,
Et falſa accenſos nutrivit arte focos.
Deſino iam nugas amplecti, ſeria poſthæc
(Vt Ratio monet) ac vtiliora ſequar.

Amo

AMORIS PRAELVDIVM:

VEL,

Epistola ad Amicam.

TO thee *Alcilia*, solace of my youth, (sed:
These rude & scattered rimes I haue addres-
The certaine witnesse of my loue and truth,
hat truely cannot be in words expressed;
Which if I shall perceiue thou tak'st in gree,
will from henceforth write of none but thee.

ere may you find the wounds your self haue made,
he many sorrowes I haue long sustain'd:
ere may you see that Loue must be obey'd;
low much I hop'd, how little I haue gain'd:
hat as for you the paines haue beene endur'd,
uen so by you they may at length be cur'd.

will not call for aide to any *Muse*,
is for learned *Poets* so to doe:
ffection must my want of Art excuse,
y workes must haue their patronage from you,
Whose sweet assistance if obtaine I might,
should be able both to speake and wright,

Meane

Meane while vouchsafe to reade this, as assignde
To no mans censure, but to yours alone:
Pardon the faults, that you therein shall finde,
And thinke the *Writers* heart was not his owne,
Experience of examples daily proue
That no man can be well aduis'd, and loue.

And though the worke it selfe deserue it not,
Such is your worth with my great wants compar'
Yet may my Loue vnfaigned, without spot
Challenge so much (if more cannot be spar'd,)
Then (louely Virgin) take this in good part,
The rest vnseene is seal'd vp in the heart.

Iudge not, by this, the depth of my Affection,
Which farre exceeds the measure of my skill:
But rather note herein your owne perfection,
So shall appeare my want of Art, not Will.
Wherefore, this now as part, in lieu of greater
I offer as an insufficient debter.

Sic incipit ſtultorum Tragicomedia.

T was my chance (vnhappy chance to me)
As all alone I wandred on my way:
Voyd of diſtruſt, from doubt of dangers free,
o paſſe a groue, where *LOVE* in Ambuſh lay,
ho ayming at me with his feather'd Dart,
onuey'd it by mine Eye vnto my Hart.

here (retchleſſe Boy) he let the Arrow ſticke,
here I, as one amazed, ſenſeleſſe ſtood:
e hurt was great, yet ſeemed but a pricke,
e wound was deepe, and yet appear'd no bloud,
But inwardly it bleeds, *Proofe* teacheth this,
When wounds do ſo, the danger greater is.

uſing a while, and grieued with my wound,
ok'd about, expecting ſome reliefe:
ll hope of helpe, no eaſe of paine I found,
e all at once to periſh in my griefe:
en haſtily I plucked forth the Dart,
t left the head faſt fixed in my Hart.

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t left the head faſt fixed in my Hart.

Faſt

Fast fixed in my Heart I left the head;
From whence I doubt it will not be remoued:
Ah what vnluckie chance that way me led?
O *Loue*, thy force thou might'st else-where haue p
And shew'd thy power, where thou art not obey
"The Conqueſt's ſmall, where no reſiſt is made

But nought (alas) auailes it to complaine,
I reſt reſolu'd with Patience to endure:
The Fire being once diſperſt through euery veyn
It is too late to hope for preſent cure.
Now *Philoparthen* muſt new follies proue,
And learne a little, what it is to loue.

BRITISH MUSEUM

These Sonnets following, were written by the Author, (who giueth himselfe this feigned name of *Philoparthen*, as his accidentall attribute) at diuers times, and vpon diuers occasions, and therefore in the forme and matter they differ, and sometimes are quite contrary one to another, considering the nature and quality of LOVE, *which is a Passion full of variety, and contrariety in it selfe.*

I.

VNhappy Eyes that first my Heart betraid,
Had you not seen, my grief had not bin such:
And yet how may I iustly you vpbraid,
Since what I saw, delighted mee so much?
But hence, alas, proceedeth all my smart,
Vnhappie Eyes that first betray'd my Hart.

To

II.

To seeke aduentures, as Fate hath assignde,
My slender Barke now floates vpon the Maine:
Each troubled thought an Oare, each sigh a wind
Whose often puffes haue rent my Sayles in twaine
Loue steeres the Boat, which, for that sight he lack
Is still in danger of tenne thousand wracks.

III.

What sodaine chance hath chang'd my wonte
Which makes me other then I seem to be?
My daies of ioy, that once were bright and cleare,
Are turn'd to night, my mirth to miserie.
Ah, well I weene that somewhat is amisse,
But sooth to say, I know not what it is.

IIII.

What, am I dead? Then could I feele no smart;
But still in me the sense of griefe reuiueth.
Am I aliue? Ah no, I haue no heart;
For she that hath it, me of life depriueth.
Oh that she would restore my heart againe,
Or giue me hers, to counteruayle my paine.

V

If it be *LOVE*, to waſte long houres in griefe;
If it be *LOVE*, to wiſh, and not obtaine;
If it be *LOVE*, to pine without reliefe;
If it be *LOVE*, to hope, and neuer gaine:
Then may you thinke that he hath truely lou'd,
Who for your ſake, all this and more haue prou'd.

VI.

If ought that in mine Eyes haue done amiſſe,
Let them receiue deſerued puniſhment:
For ſo the perfect rule of *Iuſtice* is,
Each for his owne deeds ſhould be prais'd or ſhent:
Then doubtleſſe it is both 'gainſt Law and ſence,
My Heart ſhould ſuffer for mine Eyes offence.

VII.

I am not ſicke, and yet I am not ſound;
I eate and ſleepe, and yet me thinkes I thriue not:
I ſport and laugh, and yet my griefes abound;
I am not dead, and yet me thinkes I liue not. (bred,
What vncouth cauſe hath theſe ſtrange paſſions
To make at once, ſicke, ſound, aliue, and dead?

VIII.

Some thing I want, but what I cannot say:
O now I know, it is my selfe I want:
My Loue with her hath tane my Heart away.
Yea, Heart and all; and left me very scant.
Such power hath *Loue*, and nought but *Loue* alone,
To make diuided Creatures liue in one.

IX.

Philo. Come gentle Death, & strike me with thy dart.
Life is but lothsome to a man oppresst.
Death. How can I kill thee when thou hast no heart?
That which thou hadst, is in anothers breast.
Philo. Then, must I liue, and languish still in paine?
Death. Yea, till thy *Loue* restore thy heart againe.

X

Were *Loue* a fire, my teares might quench it lightly;
Or were it Water, my hot heart might dry it;
If Ayre, then might it passe away more slightly,
Or were it Earth, the world would soone descry it.
If Fire, nor Water, Ayre nor Earth it be,
What then is it that thus tormenteth me?

XI.

To paint her outward ſhape and gifts of minde,
It doth exceed my wit and cunning farre:
She hath no fault, but that ſhee is vnkinde.
All other parts in her ſo complete are,
That who to view them throughly would deuiſe,
Muſt haue his body nothing elſe but Eyes.

XII.

Faire is my Loue, whoſe parts are ſo well framed
By Natures ſpeciall order and direction:
That ſhee her ſelfe is more then halfe aſhamed,
To hauing made a worke of ſuch perfection.
And well may Nature bluſh at ſuch a feature,
Seeing her ſelfe excelled in her creature.

XIII.

Her bodie is ſtraight, ſlender, and vpright;
Her viſage comely, and her lookes demure,
Mixt with a chearfull grace that yeelds delight;
Her eyes like ſtarres, bright ſhining, cleare, and pure,
Which I deſcribing, *Loue* bids ſtay my pen,
And ſayes it's not a worke for mortall men.

XIIII.

The ancient Poets write of Graces three,
Which meeting altogether in one Creature,
In all points perfect make the same to bee,
For inward vertues, and for outward feature.
But smile, *Alcilia*, and the world shall see,
That in thine eyes an hundred graces bee.

XV.

As *Loue* had drawne his Bow ready to shoote,
Ayming at me with resolute intent:
Straight Bow and Shaft he cast downe at his foo
And said, Why needlesse should one shaft be spe
Ile spare it then, and now it shall suffice,
In stead of Shafts to vse *Alciliaes* eyes.

XVI.

Blush not, my *Loue*, for feare left *Phœbus* spie,
Which if he doe, then doubtlesse he will say,
Thou seek'st to dim his cleareneſſe with thine
That cleareneſſe which from East brings gladso
But most of all, left *Ioue* should see I dread, (
And take thee vp to heauen like *Ganymede*.

XVII.

Philo. What is the cauſe *Alcilia* is diſpleaſed? (her.
Lo. Becauſe ſhe wants that wch ſhuld moſt content
Phil. O did I know it, ſoone ſhould ſhe be eaſed.
Lo. Perhaps thou doſt, and that doth moſt torment
Phil. Yet let her aske what ſhe deſires to haue. (her.
Loue. Geſſe by thy ſelfe; for maidens muſt not craue.

XVIII.

My *Loue* by chance her tender finger pricked,
As in the darke I ſtriued for a kiſſe:
Whoſe bloud I ſeeing, offered to haue licked,
But halfe in anger ſhe refuſed this.
O that ſhe knew the difference of the ſmart,
Twixt her prick'd finger and my wounded heart.

XIX.

Philo. I pray thee tell what makes my heart to trem-
When on a ſodaine I *Alcilia* ſpye? (ble,
Loue. Becauſe thy heart cannot thy Ioy diſſemble,
Thy life and death are both lodg'd in her eye.
Phil. Doſt thou not her with ſelf-ſame paſſion ſtrike?
Loue. O no, her heart and thine are not alike.

XX.

Such are thy parts of body and of minde,
That if I ſhould not loue thee as I doe;
I ſhould too much degenerate from kinde,
And thinke the world would blame my weaknes to.
For he, whom ſuch perfections cannot moue,
Is either ſenſleſſe, or not borne to loue.

XXI.

Alcilia's eyes haue ſet my heart on fire,
The pleaſing obiect that my paine doth feede:
Yet ſtill to ſee thoſe eyes I do deſire,
As if my helpe ſhould from my hurt proceede.
Happy were I, might there in her be found,
A will to heale, as there was power to wound.

XXII.

Vnwiſe was hee that painted *Loue* a Boy,
Who for his ſtrength a Gyant ſhould haue beene:
It's ſtrange a childe ſhould worke ſo great annoy:
Yet howſoeuer ſtrange, too truely ſeene.
"But what is he that dares at *Loue* repine,
"Whoſe workes are wonders, and himſelfe diuine?

XXIII.

My faire *Alcilia*, gladly would I know it,
If euer louing passion pierc'd thy hart:
Oh no; for then thy kindnesse soone would shew it,
And of my paines thy selfe would beare some part.
Full little knoweth he that hath not proued,
What hell it is to loue, and not be loued.

XXIIII.

Loue, art thou blinde? nay, thou canst see too well;
And they are blinde that so report of thee.
That thou dost see, my selfe by proofe can tell,
A hapleſſe proofe thereof is made by mee:
For sure I am, had'st thou not had thy sight,
Thou neuer could'st haue hit my heart so right.

XXV.

Long haue I languish'd, and indur'd much smart,
Since hapleſſe I the cruell faire did loue,
And lodg'd her in the center of my heart,
Who there abiding, reason should her moue,
Though of my paines she no compassion take,
Yet to respect me, for her owne sweet sake.

XXVI.

In midſt of Winter ſeaſon as the Snow,
Whoſe milke-white mantle ouer-ſpreds the ground:
In part the colour of my loue is ſo,
Yet their effects I haue contrary found.
For when the Sunne appeares, Snow melts anon,
But I melt alwayes when my Sunne is gone.

XXVII.

The ſweete content at firſt I ſeem'd to proue,
While yet Deſire vnfledg'd could ſcarcely flye,
Did make me thinke there was no life to Loue,
Till all too late *Time* taught the contrary.
For, like a Flye, I ſported with the flame,
Till, like a foole, I periſht in the ſame.

XXVIII.

After darke night, the cheerefull day appeareth;
After an ebbe, the riuer flowes againe;
After a ſtorme, the cloudy heauen cleareth:
All labours haue their end, or eaſe of paine;
Each creature hath reliefe and reſt, ſaue I,
Who onely dying liue, and liuing dye.

XXIX.

ometimes I ſeeke for company to ſport,
Whereby I might my penſiue thoughts beguile:
ometimes againe I hide me from reſort,
nd muſe alone; but yet alas the while,
n changing place I cannot change my minde,
or where ſo e're I flye, my ſelfe I finde.

XXX.

(tremble,
aine would I ſpeake, but ſtraight my heart doth
nd checkes my tongue that ſhould my griefes re-
nd ſo I ſtriue my paſſion to diſſemble, (ueale:
Which all the Art I haue cannot conceale: (ueth.
hus ſtanding mute, my heart with longing ſter-
greeues a man to aske what he deſerueth.

XXXI.

ince you deſire the cauſe of me to know,
or which theſe diuers paſſions I haue proued:
ooke in your glaſſe which will not faile to ſhow
he ſhadowed portrait of my beſt beloued.
f that ſuffice not, looke into my heart,
Where it's ingrauen in a new-found Art.

XXXII.

The painefull Plow-man hath his hearts delight,
Who through his daily toyle his body tyreth:
Yet merrily comes whiſtling home at night,
And ſweetly takes the eaſe his paine requireth.
But neither daies nor nights can yeeld me reſt,
Borne to be wretched, and to liue oppreſt.

XXXIII.

O well were it, if *Nature* would deuiſe,
That men with men together might engender:
As Grafts from Trees, one from another riſe,
Then nought of due to women ſhould we render
But vaine conceit, that *Nature* ſhould do this,
Since well we know, her ſelfe a woman is.

XXXIIII.

Vpon the Altar where *Loues* fire burned;
My ſighs and teares for ſacrifice I offer'd:
When *Loue* in rage from me his count'nance turned
And did reiect, what I ſo humbly proffer'd.
If he my heart expect, alas, it's gone:
How can a man giue that is not his owne?

XXXV.

Alcilia ſaid, ſhe did not know my minde,
ecauſe my words did not declare my loue:
hus where I merite moſt, leaſt helpe I finde,
nd her vnkindneſſe all too late I proue.
rant, *Loue*, that ſhe of whom thou art neglected,
ay one day loue, and little be reſpected.

XXXVI.

e *Cynicke* being ask'd when he would loue, [*Di-
ade anſwer, When he nothing had to do. [*ogenes*]
Loue was ſloth; but he did neuer proue
his expetience, what belong'd thereto.
had he taſted but as much as I,
would haue ſoone reform'd his hereſie.

XXXVII.

udge me not, ſweet *Loue*, by outward ſhow,
ough ſometimes ſtrange I ſeeme, and to neglect
didſt thou but my inward paſſions know, (thee:
ou ſhouldſt perceiue how highly I reſpect thee.
hen looks are fixt, the heart ofttimes doth trem-
le loues he that cannot much diſſemble. (ble,

XXXVIII.

Parting from thee, euen from my ſelfe I part,
Thou art the ſtarre by which my life is guided:
I haue the body, but thou haſt the heart;
The better part is from it ſelfe deuided.
Thus doe I liue, and this doe I ſuſtaine,
Till gracious fortune make vs meete againe.

XXXIX.

Open the ſluces of my feeble eyes, (tai
And let my teares haue paſſage from their foun-
Fil al the earth with plaints, the aire with cries, (ta
Which may pearce rocks, & reach the higheſt mo
That ſo *Loues* wrath by theſe extremes appeaſ
My griefes may ceaſe, and my poore heart be eaſ

XL.

"After long ſickneſſe, health brings more delig
"Seas ſeenie more calm, by ſtorms once ouerblo
"The dayes more cheerefull by the paſſed night
"Each thing is by his contrary beſt knowne; (
"Continuall eaſe is paine; Change ſometimes m
"Diſcords in Muſicke, make the Muſicke ſwee

Fe

XLI.

Feare to offend, forbids my tongue to ſpeake,
And ſignes and ſighs muſt tell my inward woe:
But (aye the while) my heart with griefe doth break:
And ſhe by ſignes my ſorrowes will not know.
The ſtilleſt ſtreames we ſee in deepeſt foords;
And loue is greateſt, when it wanteth words.

XLII.

"No paine ſo great, but may be eaſ'd by Art, (not:
"Though much we ſuffer, yet deſpaire we ſhould
"In midſt of griefes Hope alwayes hath ſome part,
"And *Tyme* may heale, what *Art* & *Reaſon* could
Oh what is then this paſſion I indure, (not
Which neither *Reaſon*, *Art*, nor *Time* can cure?

XLIII.

"Pale Iealouſie, Fiend of eternall night,
"Miſ-ſhapen creature, borne before thy time,
"The Impe of horrour, foe to ſweete delight,
"Making each error ſeeme a haynous crime:
"Ah too great pitty (were there remedy,)
"That euer loue ſhould keepe thee company.

L.

Wretched is he that louing ſets his heart
On her, whoſe loue from pure affection ſwerued
Who doth permit each one to haue a part
Of that which none but he alone deſerueth.
Giue all or none: For once of this be ſure,
Lordſhip and *Loue* no partners may endure.

LI.

Who ſpends the weary day in penſiue thought,
And night in dreams of horror, & affright, (nou
Whoſe wealth is want, whoſe hope is come to
Himſelfe the marke for *Loue* and *Fortunes* ſpigh
Let him appeare, if any ſuch there be,
His caſe and mine moſt fitly will agree.

LII.

Faire tree, but fruitleſſe, ſometimes full of ſap,
Which now yeelds nought at all that may delig
Some cruell froſt or ſome vntimely hap
Hath made thee barren, onely to deſpite me.
Such Trees in vaine with hope do feede deſire,
And ſerue for fuell to increaſe *Loues* fire.

LIII.

In company while ſad and mute I ſit,
My thoughts elſe-where then there I ſeeme to bee,
Poſſeſs'd with ſome deepe Melancholy fit,
One of my friends obſerues the ſame in me,
And ſayes in ieſt, (which I in earneſt proue)
Hee lookes like one, that had loſt his firſt Loue.

LIIII.

Twixt *Hope* and *Feare* in doubtfull ballance peazed,
My *Fate*, my *Fortune*, and my *Loue* depends:
Sometime my *Hope* is rais'd, when *Loue* is pleaſed,
Which *feare* weighs down, whē ought his wil offēds
The *heauens* are ſometimes cleer, & ſomtimes lowre.
And he that loues, muſt taſte both ſweet & ſowre.

LV.

Retire, my wandring thoughts, vnto your reſt,
Doe not henceforth conſume your ſelues in vaine:
No mortall man in all points can be bleſt,
What now is mine, may be anothers paine.
The watry clouds are cleere, when ſtormes are paſt,
And things in their extremes long cannot laſt.

LVI.

The fire of *Loue* is firſt bred in the eye,
And thence conuayes his heate vnto the heart:
Where it lies hid, till Time his force deſcry:
The tongue thereto ads fuell for his part.
The touch of lips, which doth ſucceede the ſame,
Kindles the reſt, and ſo it proues a flame.

LVII.

The tender ſprigs that ſprowted in the field,
And promis'd hope of fruite to him that planted:
In ſtead of fruite doth nought but bloſſomes yeeld
Though care and paine to prune it neuer wanted,
Euen ſo my hopes do nought but bloſſomes prou
And yeeld no fruites to recompence my loue.

LVIII.

Though little ſigne of loue in ſhow appeare,
Yet thinke true loue of colours hath no neede:
It's not the glorious garments which men weare,
That make them others then they are indeede.
"In meaneſt ſhow the moſt affection dwels,
And richeſt pearles are found in ſimpleſt ſhels.

LIX.

Let not thy tongue thy inward thoughts diſcloſe,
Or tell the ſorrowes that thy heart indures.
Let no maus eares be witneſſe of thy woes,
Since pitty neither helpe nor eaſe procures.
And onely he is truely ſaid to mone,
Whoſe griefe none knoweth but himſelfe alone.

LX.

A thouſand times I curſe theſe idle rimes,
Which doe their makers follies veine ſet forth:
Yet bleſſe I them againe as many times,
For that in them I blaze *Alcilia's* worth.
Meane time I fare as doth the Torch by night,
Which waſtes it ſelfe in giuing others light.

LXI.

Enough of this: for all is nought regarded,
And ſhe not once with my complaints is moued:
Dye, hapleſſe *Loue*, ſince thou art not rewarded;
Yet ere thou dye, to witneſſe that I loued,
Report my truth, and tell the faire vnkind,
What ſhe hath loſt, what none but ſhe ſhall finde.

LXII.

Louers, lament you, that haue truely loued;
For *Philoparthen* now hath loſt his Loue:
The greateſt loſſe that euer Louer proued.
O let his hard hap ſome compaſſion moue;
Who had not rued the loſſe of her ſo much,
But that he knows, the world yeelds no more ſuch.

LXIII.

Vpon the Ocean of conceited error,
My weary ſpirits many ſtormes haue paſt,
Which now in harbour, free from wonted terrour,
Ioy the poſſeſſion of their reſt at laſt:
And henceforth ſafely they may lye at road;
And neuer roue for had-I-wiſt abroad.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Loues Accuſation at the Iudgement-ſeat of *Reaſon*, wherein the Authors whole *ſucceſſe in his Loue is couertly* deſcribed.

IN Reaſons Court my ſelfe being Plaintiffe there,
Loue was by Proceſſe ſummon'd to appeare:
That ſo the wrong which he had done to me,
Might be made knowne, and all the world might ſee,
And ſeeing, rue, what to my coſt I proued,
While faithfull, but vnfortunate I loued.
After I had obtained audience,
Thus began to giue in euidence.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Authors euidence againſt *Loue*.

MOſt ſacred Queene, and Soueraigne of mans heart,
Which of the minde doeſt rule the better part:

First bred in Heauen, & from thence hither ſent
To guide mens actions by thy regiment;
Vouchſafe a while to heare the ſad complaint
Of him that loue hath long kept in reſtraint:
And as to you it properly belongs,
Grant Iuſtice of my vndeſerued wrongs.
It's now two yeeres (as I remember well)
Since firſt this wretch, ſent from the neather hell,
To plague the world with new-found cruelties,
Vnder the ſhadow of two Chriſtall eyes,
Betraid my ſence; and as I ſlumbring lay,
Felloniouſly conuay'd my heart away,
Which moſt vniuſtly he detain'd from mee,
And exercis'd thereon ſtrange tyranny.
Sometime his manner was to ſport and game;
With Bry'rs and Thorns to raiſe & prick the ſame;
Sometime with Nettles of deſire to ſting it;
Sometime with Pinſons of deſpaire to wring it:
Sometime againe, he would anoynt the ſore,
And heale the place that he had hurt before;
But hurtfull helps, and miniſtred in vaine,
Which ſerued onely to renue my paine:
For after that more wounds he added ſtill,
Which pierced deepe, but had no power to kill:
Vnhappy med'cine, which in ſtead of cure,
Giues ſtrength to make the patient more indure!
But that which was moſt ſtrange of all the reſt,

My ſelfe being thus twixt life and death diſtreſt,
Oftimes when as my paine exceeded meaſure,
He would perſwade me that the ſame was pleaſure:
My ſolemne ſadneſſe, but contentment meete;
My trauell, reſt; and all my ſowre, ſweete;
My wounds, but gentle ſtrokes: whereat he ſmil'd,
And by theſe ſleights my careleſſe youth beguil'd.
Thus did I fare, as one that liuing dy'd;
(For greater paines I thinke hath no man try'd,)
Diſquiet thoughts, like Furies, in my breſt
Nouriſh't the poyſon that my ſpirits poſſeſt.
Now griefe, then ioy, now warre, then peace vnſta-
Nought ſure I had, but to be miſerable. (ble,
I cannot vtter all, (I muſt confeſſe,)
Men may conceiue more then they can expreſſe.
But to be ſhort, which cannot be excus'd,
With vaine illuſions Loue my hope abus'd,
Perſwading me I ſtood vpon firme ground:
When vnawares my ſelfe on ſands I found.
This is the point which moſt I doe inforce,
That Loue without all pity or remorſe
Did ſuffer me to languiſh ſtill in griefe,
Void of contentment, ſuccour or reliefe:
And when I look'd my paines ſhould be rewarded,
I did perceiue that they were nought regarded:
For why (alas) theſe hapleſſe eyes did ſee,
Alcilia lou'd another more then mee:

So in the end when I expected most,
My Hope, my Loue, and Fortune thus were croſt.
Proceeding further, Reaſon bade me ſtay;
For the Defendant had ſomething to ſay.
Then to the Iudge, for Iuſtice loud I cride,
And ſo I pauſed, and Loue thus replide.

Loues reply to the Author.

SInce Reaſon ought to lend indifferent eares
Vnto both parts, and iudge as truth appeares:
My gracious Lady, giue me leaue to ſpeake,
And anſwere his complaint, that ſeekes to wreake
His ſpight and malice on me without cauſe,
In charging me to haue tranſgreſs'd thy Laws.
Of all his Follies he imputes the blame
To me poore Loue, which nought deſerues the ſame:
Himſelfe it is that hath abuſed me,
As by mine anſwere ſhall well proued bé.
Fond youth, thou know'ſt what I for thee effected,
(Though now I finde it little be reſpected)
I purg'd thy wit which was before but groſſe,
The mettle pure I ſeuer'd from the droſſe,
And did inſpire thee with my ſweeteſt fire,
That kindled in thee courage and deſire.
Not like vnto thoſe ſeruile paſſions
Which cumber mens imaginations

h auarice, ambition and vaine-glory,
ſire of things fleeting and tranſitory.
baſe conceit, but ſuch as Powers aboue
ne known & felt, I mean th'inſtinct of Loue:
ich making men all earthly things deſpiſe,
nſports them to a heauenly Paradiſe.
re thou complain'ſt of ſorrowes in thy heart,
liues on earth but therein hath his part?
e theſe thy fruits? Are theſe the beſt rewards
all the pleaſing glances, ſlye rewards,
ſweete-ſtolne kiſſes, amorous conceits,
nany ſmiles, ſo many faire intreates,
h kindneſſe as Alcilia did beſtow,
for my ſake, as well thy ſelfe doeſt know?
t Loue ſhould thus be vſed it is hatefull,
all is loſt thats done for one vngratefull.
re he alledgeth that he was abus'd,
hat he truely louing was refus'd:
t's moſt vntrue, and plainely may be tride:
neuer ask'd, could neuer be denide.
he affected rather ſingle life,
n yoke in Marriage, matching with a wife.
dmoſt men now make loue to none but heires;
e loue (God wot) that pouertie impaires:
ldly reſpects Loue little doth regard;
loues, hath onely loue for his reward.
meriteth a Louers name indeed,

That

That casts no doubts, which vaine suspition breede,
But desperately at hazzard throwes the Dice,
Neglecting due regard of friends aduice;
That wrestles with his Fortune and his Fate,
Which had ordain'd to better his estate;
That hath no care of wealth, no feare of lacke,
But ventures forwards, though he see his wrack;
That with Hopes wings, like Icarus, doth flye,
Though for his rashnesse he like fortune trye;
That to his fame the world of him may tell,
How, while he soar'd aloft, adowne he fell.
And so true Loue awarded him this doome,
In scaling heauen, to haue the Sea his Tombe:
That making shipwracke of his deerest fame,
Betrayes himselfe to powerty and shame:
That hath no sense of sorrow, or repent;
No dread of perils farre or imminent,
But doth preferre before all pompe or pelfe,
The sweete of Loue, as dearer then himselfe:
Who were his passage stop'd with sword or fire,
Would make way through to compasse his desire.
For which he would (though heauen and earth forbad)
Hazzard to lose a Kingdome, if he had it.
These be the things wherein I glory most,
Whereof this mine accuser cannot boast:
Who was indifferent in his losse or gaine,
And better pleas'd to faile, then to obtaine.

qualified Affection Loue doth hate,
likes him best that's most intemperate.
hence proceeds his malice and despight,
le he himselfe barres of his owne delight:
when as he Alcilia first affected,
one in shew thon little loue respected,
nasqu'd disguis'd, and entertain'd his thought,
hope of that which he in secret sought,
d still forbare to vtter his desire,
his delay receiu'd her worthy hire. (haue
well we know what Maides themselues would
en must sue for, and by petitions craue.
heregarding more his wealth then will,
little care his fancy to fulfill.
hen he saw Alcilia lou'd another,
secret fire which his in brest did smother,
n to smoke, and soone had prou'd a flame,
emperance had not allai'd the same:
h afterward so quench'd, he did not finde
hat some sparke remained still behinde.
when time seru'd, he did refuse to craue it,
yet enuy'd another man should haue it:
hogh faire maids should waite at yong mens pleasure,
e they, twixt sport and earnest, loue at leisure.
, at the first when it is kindly proffer'd,
ides must accept, lest twice it be not offer'd:
hough their beauty seeme their good importune,

Yet may they loſe the better of their fortune.
Thus as this fondling coldly went about it,
So in the end he cleerely went without it:
For while he doubtfull ſeem'd to make a ſtay,
A Mungrel ſtole the Maidens heart away;
For which though he lamented much in ſhow;
Yet was he inward glad it fell out ſo.
Now Reaſon, you may plainely iudge by this,
Not I, but he the falſe diſſembler is:
Who while fond Loue his luke-warme bloud did feede
Made ſigne of more then he ſuſtain'd indeede:
And fill'd his Rimes with fables and with lies,
Which without paſsion he did oft deuiſe.
So to delude the ignorance of ſuch
That pittied him, thinking he lou'd too much,
And with conceit rather to ſhew his wit,
Then manifeſt his faithfull loue by it.
Much more then this could I lay to his charge,
But time would faile to open all at large.
Let this ſuffice to ſhew his bad intent,
And proue that Loue is pure and innocent,
Thus at the length, though late, he made an end,
And both of vs did earneſtly attend
The finall iudgement Reaſon ſhould award,
When thus he gan to ſpeake: With due regard
The matter hath beene heard on either ſide,
For iudgement you muſt longer time abide:

ause is weighty and of great import.
So she smiling did adiourne the Court:
auail'd it then to argue more:
eturn'd in worse case then before.

I

Loue

Loue decyphered.

LOVE, and I, are now deuided,
Conceit by Error was miſguided:
Alcilia hath my loue deſpiſed,
"No man loues that is aduiſed.
Time at length hath truth directed,
Loue hath miſs'd what he expected:
Yet miſſing that which long he ſought,
I haue found that I little thought.
Errors in time may be redreſt;
"The ſhorteſt follies are the beſt.

Loue and *Youth* are now aſunder,
Reaſons glory, *Natures* wonder: (larg'd,
My thoughts long bound are now in-
My follies penance is diſcharg'd.
Thus *Time* hath altered my ſtate,
Repentance neuer comes too late.
Ah, well I finde that *Loue* is nought
But folly, and an idle thought:
The difference is twixt *Loue* and mee,
That *Loue* is blinde, and I can ſee.

is hony mixt with gall;
raldome free, a freedome thrall;
ter ſweete, a pleaſant ſowre,
in a yeere, loſt in an howre;
acefull warre, a warlike peace, (creaſe;
oſe wealth brings want, whoſe want, in-
long purſuite, and little gaine;
rtaine pleaſure, certaine paine;
rd of neither right nor wrong;
hort delights, repentance long.

is a ſickneſſe of the thought,
eit of pleaſure dearely bought;
lleſſe paſſion of the minde;
byrinth of errors blinde;
red poyſon, faire deceit;
te for fooles, a furious heate;
lling cold; a wondrous paſſion
eding mans imagination:
h none can tell in whole nor part,
nely he that feeles the ſmart.

Loue is ſorrow mixt with gladneſſe,
Feare with hope, and hope with madneſſe.
Long did I loue, but all in vaine,
I louing, was not lou'd againe;
For which my heart ſuſtain'd much woe.
It fits not maids to vſe men ſo.
Iuſt deſerts are not regarded,
Neuer loue ſo ill rewarded:
But all is loſt that is not ſought,
Oft wit proues beſt that's deareſt bought.

Women were made for mens reliefe,
To comfort, not to cauſe their griefe.
Where moſt I merit, leaſt I finde:
No maruell, ſince that loue is blinde:
Had ſhe beene kinde as ſhe was faire,
My caſe had beene more ſtrange and rare:
But women loue not by deſart,
Reaſon in them hath weakeſt part.
Then henceforth let them loue that liſt,
I will beware of had-I-wiſt.

hese faults had better beene conceal'd,
hen to my shame abroad reueal'd:
et though my youth did thus miscarry,
y harmes may make others more wary.
oue is but a youthfull fit;
nd some men say it's signe of wit;
ut he that loues as I haue done,
o passe the day and see no Sunne,
ust change his note, and sing, *Errani*,
r else may chance to cry, *Peccani*.

e longest day must haue his night.
ason triumphs in *Loues* despight,
ollow now *Discretions* lore,
nceforth to like, but loue no more.
en gently pardon what is past',
r *Loue* drawes onward to his last.
walkes (they say) with watry eye,
hose foote-steps neuer tread awry.
Muse a better worke intends,
d here my Louing-Folly ends.

After long ſtormes and tempeſts paſt,
I ſee the Hauen at the laſt,
Where I muſt reſt my weary Barke,
And there vnlade my care and carke:
My paines and trauailes long indur'd,
And all my wounds muſt there be cur'd:
Ioyes out of date ſhall be renew'd,
To thinke of perils paſt eſchew'd:
When I ſhall ſit full blithe and iolly,
And talke of Louers and their folly.

Then *Loue* and *Folly*, both adieu,
Long haue I beene miſled by you:
Folly may new aduentures try,
But *Reaſon* ſayes that *Loue* muſt dye:
Yea dye indeede although it grieue him,
For my cold heart cannot relieue him:
Yet for her ſake, whom I once loued,
(Though all in vaine, as *Time* hath proued)
Ile take the paines (if ſhee conſent)
To write his Will and Teſtament.

Loues last Will and Testament.

MY spirit I bequeath vnto the ayre;
My body shall vnto the earth repaire;
My burning brand vnto the prince of hell,
T'increase mens paines that there in darkenesse dwell:
For well I weene, aboue nor vnder ground,
A greater paine then that may not be found:
My sweete conceits of pleasure and delight
To Erebus, and to eternall night:
My sighs, my teares, my passions and laments,
Distrust, despaire, all these my hawrely rents,
With other plagues that Louers mindes inthrall,
Vnto Obliuion I bequeath them all.
My broken Bow and Shafts I giue to Reason;
My cruelties, my sleights, and forged treason,
To women-kinde, and to their seede for aye,
To wreake their spight, and worke poore mens decay;
Reseruing onely for Alcilia's part,
All kindnesse, and lesse care of Louers smart:
For she is from the vulgar sort excepted,
And had she Philoparthens loue respected,

Requiting it with like affection,
She might haue had the praiſe of all perfection.
This done; if I haue any faith or troth,
To Philoparthen *I aſſigne them both;*
For vnto him of right they do belong,
Who truely louing ſuffred too much wrong:
Time ſhall be ſole Executor of my Will,
Who may theſe things in order due fulfill:
To warrant this my Teſtament for good,
I haue ſubſcrib'd it with my dying bloud.

And ſo he dy'd that all this bale had bred,
And yet my heart miſdoubts he is not dead:
For ſure I feare, ſhould I *Alcilia* ſpy,
She might eftſoones reuiue him with her eye.
Such power diuine remaineth in her ſight,
To make him liue againe in Deaths deſpight.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The

These Sonnets following were writ-ten *by the Author, after he began to decline from* his passionate affection, and in them hee seemeth *to please himselfe, with describing the vanity of* LOVE, *the frailty of Beauty, and the sowre fruits of Repentance.*

I.

NOw haue I spun the web of my owne woes,
And labour'd long to purchase my owne losse:
Too late I see I was beguil'd with shewes, (drosse.
And that which once seem'd gold, now proues but
Thus am I both of helpe and hope bereaued,
He neuer tryed that neuer was deceaued.

II.

Once did I loue, but more then once repent. (ten,
When vintage came, my grapes were sowre or rot-
Long time in griefe and pensiue thoughts I spent,
And all for that which time hath made forgotten.
O strange effects of *time* which once being lost,
Makes men secure of that they loued most.

III.

Thus haue I long in th'aire of error houer'd,
And runne my Ship vpon Repentance ſhelfe:
Truth hath the veile of Ignorance vncouer'd,
And made me ſee, and ſeeing, know my ſelfe.
Of former follies now I muſt repent,
And count this worke part of my time ill ſpent.

IIII.

"What thing is *Loue*? A Tyrant of the minde,
"Begot by hate, of youth, brought forth by ſloth;
"Nurſt with vain thoughts, and changing as the wind,
"A deepe diſſembler, void of faith and troth:
"Fraught with fond errors, doubts, deſpite, diſdain,
"And all the plagues that earth and hell containe.

V.

Like to a man that wanders all the day
Through wayes vnknown, to ſeek a thing of worth,
And at the night ſees he hath gone aſtray:
As neere his end as when he firſt ſet forth,
Such is my caſe, whoſe hope vntimely croſt,
After long errours, proues my labour loſt.

Faile

VI.

Fail'd of that hap, whereto my hope aſpired,
Depriu'd of that which might haue been mine own,
Another now muſt haue that I deſired,
And things too late by their euents are knowne:
Thus do we wiſh for that cannot be got,
And when it may, then we regard it not.

VII.

ngratefull *Loue*, ſince thou haſt plaid thy part,
nthralling him, whom *Time* hath ſince made free,
reſts for mee to vſe both wit and Art,
hat of my wrongs I may reuenged be:
nd in thoſe eyes where firſt thou took'ſt thy fire,
hy ſelfe ſhalt periſh through my cold deſire.

VIII.

ieue not thy ſelfe for that cannot be had,
d things once cureleſſe, let them careleſſe reſt:
me not thy fortune, though thou deeme it bad,
hat's paſt and gone, can neuer be redreſt.
he onely helpe for that cannot be gained,
to forget it might haue beene obtained.

reference shelves

IX.

How happy once did I my ſelfe eſteeme,
While *Loue* with hope my fond deſire did cheriſh:
My ſtate as bliſſefull as a Kings did ſeeme,
Had I beene ſure my ioyes ſhould neuer periſh.
The thoughts of men are fed with expectation,
"Pleaſures themſelues are but imagination.

X

Why ſhould we hope for that which is to come,
Where the euent is doubtfull and vnknowne?
Such fond preſumptions ſoone receiue their doome
When things expected we count as our owne.
Whoſe iſſue ofttimes in the end proues nought
But hope, a ſhadow, and an idle thought.

XI.

In vaine doe we complaine our life is ſhort,
Which well diſpos'd, great matters might effect:
While we our ſelues in toyes and idle ſport,
Conſume the better part without reſpect:
And careleſſe, as though time ſhould neuer end it,
Twixt ſleepe and waking prodigally ſpend it.

XII.

Youthfull desire is like the Summer season,
That lasts not long: for winter must succeede:
And so our passions must giue place to reason,
And riper yeeres more ripe effects must breede.
Of all the seede youth sowed in vaine desires,
Reaped nought but thistles, thornes, and bryers.

XIII.

To erre and doe amisse, is giuen to men by kinde:
Who walkes so sure, but sometimes treads awry?
But to continue still in errours blinde,
Bad and beastiall nature doth descry. (end;
Who proues not, failes not, and brings nought to
Who proues and failes, may afterward ameud.

XIIII.

There was but one, and doubtlesse she the best,
Whome I did more then all the world esteeme:
The hauing fail'd, I disauow the rest:
For now I finde things are not as they seeme.
Default of that wherein our will is crost,
Oftimes vnto our good auaileth most.

XV.

I fare like him, who now his land-hope ſpent,
By vnknowne Seas ſailes to the Indian ſhore,
Returning thence no richer then he went,
Yet cannot much his fortune blame therefore,
Since whoſo venters forth vpon the Mayne,
Makes a good Mart, if he returne againe.

XVI.

Louers conceits are like a flatt'ring Glaſſe,
That makes the lookers fairer then they are:
Who pleas'd in their deceit, contented paſſe.
Such one was mine, who thought there was none (faire
None witty, modeſt, vertuous but ſhe:
Yet now I finde the Glaſſe abuſed me.

XVII.

Adiew fond *Loue*, the mother of all error,
Repleate with hope and feare, with ioy and paine:
Falſe fire of fancy, full of care and terror,
Shadow of pleaſures fleeting, ſhort and vaine,
Dye, lothed Loue, receiue thy lateſt doome,
Night be thy graue, *Oblivion* be thy tombe.

XVIII.

hoſo would be rapt vp into the heauens,
ſee a world of ſtrange imaginations;
ho careleſſe would leaue all at ſixe and ſeuen,
wander in a Labyrinth of paſſions:
ho would at once all kinde of folly proue:
en he hath nought to doe, then let him loue.

XIX.

What thing is *Beauty*? *Natures* deareſt Minion,
he ſnare of youth; like the inconſtant Moone,
axing and wayning; error of opinion;
mornings flowre, that withereth ere noone;
ſwelling fruit, no ſooner ripe then rotten,
hich ſickneſſe makes forlorne, and time forgot-
ten.

XX.

Spring of youth which now is in his prime,
ter of age with hoary froſts ſhall nip:
y ſhall then be made the prey of *Time*,
ſowre remorſe deceitfull errors whip.
henceforth let *Diſcretion* rule *Deſire*,
Reaſon quench the flame of *Cupids* fire.

XXI.

O what a life was that ſometime I led,
When *Loue* with paſſions did my peace incumbe
While like a man neither aliue nor dead,
I was rapt from my ſelfe, as one in ſlumber:
Whoſe idle ſenſes charm'd with fond illuſion,
Did nouriſh that which bred their owne confuſ

XXII.

The childe for euer after dreads the fire,
That once therewith by chance his finger burne
Water of *Time* diſtill'd doth coole deſire,
And farre he ran (they ſay) that neuer turned.
After long ſtormes I ſee the Port at laſt:
Folly farewell, for now my loue is paſt.

XXIII.

Baſe ſeruile thoughts of men too much deiected
That ſeeke, and crouch, & kneele for womens gr
Of whom your paine and ſeruice is neglected,
Your ſelues deſpis'd: Riuals before your face:
The more you ſue, the leſſe you ſhall obtaine,
The leſſe you wtn, the more ſhall be your gaine.

XXIIII.

looking backe vnto my follies past,
hile I the present with times past compare,
d thinke how many houres I then did waste,
ynting on clouds, and building in the ayre:
gh within my selfe, and say in sadnes, (madnes.
s thing which fooles call *Loue*, is nought but

XXV.

he things we haue, we most of all neglect;
nd that we haue not, greedily we craue;
he things we may haue, little we respect;
nd still we couet that we cannot haue:
et howsoe're in our conceit we prize them,
o sooner gotten, but we straight despise them.

XXVI.

o seates his loue vpon a womans will,
l thinkes thereon to build an happy state:
ll be deceiu'd, when least he thinks of ill,
d rue his folly when it is too late.
plowes on sand, and sowes vpon the winde,
t hopes for constant loue in women-kinde.

I will

XXVII.

I will no longer ſpend my time in toyes,
Seeing *Loue* is error, folly and offence:
An idle fit for fond and retchleſſe boyes,
Or elſe for men depriu'd of common ſenſe,
Twixt *Lunacy* and *Loue* theſe ods appeare,
Th'one makes fooles monthly, th'other all the yee

XXVIII.

While ſeaſon ſeru'd to ſow, my Plough lay ſtill;
My Grafts vnſet, when others Trees did bloome;
I ſpent the *Spring* in ſloth, and ſlept my fill:
But neuer thought of *Winters* cold to come,
Till *Spring* was ſpent, and *Summer* well-nigh gon
Then I awak'd, and ſaw my *Harueſt* none.

XXIX.

Now *Loue* ſits all alone in blacke attire,
His broken Bow and Arrowes lying by him;
His fire extinct, that whilome fed deſire,
Himſelfe the ſcorne of Louers that paſt by him;
Who this day freely may diſport and play,
For it is *Philoparthens* Holy-day.

XXX.

y, thinke not, *Loue*, with all thy cunning sleight,
catch me once againe: thou com'st too late,
me Industry puts idlenesse to flight,
d *Time* hath changed both my name and state:
en seeke else-where for Mates that may befriend
I am busie, and cannot attend thee. (thee;

XXXI.

se Idlenesse, the nurse of fond Desire;
te of all ils that doe your youth betide,
t whilome did through *Loue* my wracke con-
nish thee, and rather wish t'abide (spire,
ustere hardnesse, and continuall paine,
n to reuoke thee, or to loue againe.

XXXII.

time will come, when looking in a Glasse,
riueled face with sorrow thou shalt see:
sighing say, It is not as it was,
e cheekes were wont more faire and fresh to be:
now what once made me so much admired,
st regarded, and of none desired.

Though

XXXIII.

Though thou be faire, thinke Beauty is a blaſt,
A mornings dewe, a ſhadow quickly gone,
A painted flowre, whoſe colour will not laſt:
Time ſteales away when leſt we thinke thereon;
Moſt precious Time: too waſtefully expended,
Of which alone the ſparing is commended.

XXXIIII.

How vaine is youth that cros'd in his deſire,
Doth fret and fume, and inwardly repine,
As though 'gainſt heauen it ſelfe he would conſp
And with his frailty 'gainſt his Fate combine;
Who of it ſelfe continues conſtant ſtill,
And doth vs good ofttimes againſt our will!

XXXV.

In prime of youth when yeeres and wit was ripe,
Vnhappy Will to ruine led the way:
Wit daunc'd about, when Folly 'gan to pipe,
And Will and hee together went aſtray.
Nought then but pleaſure was the good they ſou
Which now Repentãce prooues too dearly bou

XXXVI.

Hee that in matters of delight and pleasure
Can bridle his outragious affection,
And temper it in some indifferent measure,
Doth proue himselfe a man of good discretion:
In conquering Will true courage most is showne,
And sweet temptations make mens vertues known.

XXXVII.

ach naturall thing by course of kinde we see,
his perfection long continueth not:
ruits once full ripe will then fall from the Tree,
r in due time not gathered, soone will rot.
is decreed by doome of powers diuine,
hings at their height must thence againe decline.

XXXVIII.

y large smooth forehead wrinckled shall appeare,
rmillion hue, to pale and wan shall turne;
me shal deface what Youth hath held most deare;
a those cleare eyes which once my heart did burn,
all in their hollow circles lodge the night,
d yeed more cause of terror then delight.

XXXIX.

Loe heere the record of my follies past,
The fruits of wit vnstaid, and howres misspent:
Full wise is he that perils can forecast,
And so by others harmes his owne preuent.
All worldly pleasure that delights the sense,
Is but a short sleepe, and times vaine expence.

XL.

The Sunne hath twice his annuall course perform'd
Since first vnhappy I beganne to loue:
Whose errors now by Reasons rule reform'd,
Conceits of Loue but smoke and errors proue.
Who of his folly seekes more praise to winne,
Where I haue made an end, let him beginne.

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FINIS.

THE METAMOR-PHOSIS OF *Pigmalions* Image.

LONDON.

Printed for *Richard Hawkins*, dwelling in Chancery-Lane, neere Sericants Inne. 1619.

reference shelves

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TO THE WORLDS MIGHTIE MONARCH, *GOOD OPINION:*

Sole Regent of Affection, perpetuall *Ruler of iudgement, moſt famous Iuſtice of* Cenſures, only giuer of Honor, great procurer *of Aduancement, the Worlds chiefe Ballance, the All of* all, and All in all; by whom, all things are that that they are, I humbly offer this my Poem.

THou ſoule of Pleaſure, Honors onely ſubſtance,
Great Arbitrator, Vmpire of the Earth,
Whom fleſhly Epicures call Vertues eſſence,
Thou mouing Orator, whoſe powerfull breath
Swaies all mens iudgements. Great OPINION,
Vouchſafe to gild my imperfection.

TO GOOD OPINION.

If thou be daine to grace my blushing stile,
And crowne my muse with good opinion:
If thou vouchsafe with gracious eye to smile
Vpon my young new-borne Inuention,
Ile sing an Hymne in honour of thy name,
And adde some Trophie to enlarge thy fame.

But if thou wilt not with thy Deitie
Shade, and inmaske the errours of my pen,
Protect an Orphane Poets infancy,
I will disclose, that all the world shall ken
How partiall thou art in Honours giuing,
Crowning the shade, the substance praise depriuing.

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W. K

THE ARGVMENT of the *Poeme*.

Pigmalion, whose chaste minde al the beauties in Cyprus could not ensnare, yet at the length hauing carued in Iuory an excellent proporti-on of a beauteous woman, was so deeply enamored on his own workemanship, that he would often lay the Image in bed with him, and fondly vse such petitions and dallyance, as if it had beene a breathing creature. But in the end finding his fond dotage, and yet perseuering in his ardent affection, made his deuout prayers to *Venus*, that she would vouchsafe to inspire life into his Loue, and then ioyne them both together in marriage. Whereupon *Venus* graciously condiscending to his earnest suite, the Maid (by the power of her Deity) was metamorphosed into a liuing woman. And after *Pigmalion* (being in Cyprus) begat a Sonne of her, which was called *Paphus*: whereupon, that Iland Cyprus, in honour of *Venus*, was after, and is now, called by the Inhabitants, *Paphos*.

Reference shelves

To his *Mistresse*.

MY wanton Muse lasciuiously doth sing
Of sportiue loue, of lonely dallying.
O beauteous Angell, daine thou to infuse
A sprightly wit into my dulled Muse.
I inuocate none other Saint but thee,
To grace the first bloomes of my Poesie.
Thy fauours like Promethean *sacred fire,*
In dead and dull conceit can life inspire,
Or, like that rare and rich Elixar stone,
Can turne to gold, Leaden inuention:
Be gracious then, and daine to shew in mee
The mighty power of thy Deitie,
And as thou read'st (Faire) take compassion,
Force me not enuie my Pigmalion.
Then when thy kindnesse grants me such sweete blisse,
Ile gladly write thy Metamorphosis.

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PIGMA-

PIGMALION.

I.

Pigmalion, whose high Loue-hated minde,
Disdain'd to yeeld seruile affection,
Or amorous suite to any woman kinde,
owing their wants and mens perfection,
Loue at length forc'd him to know his Fate.
d loue the shade whose substance he did hate.

II.

hauing wrought in purest Iuory
faire an Image of a womans feature,
at neuer yet proudest mortality
ld shew so rare and beauteous a Creature,
lesse my Mistresse all-exceeding face,
ich giues to beauty beauties onely grace.)

III.

was amazed at the wondrous rareneſſe
is owne workemanships perfection: (neſſe,
thought that *Nature* ne're produc'd such faire-
which all beauties haue their mansion,
thus admiring was enamored
hat faire Image himselfe portrayed.

And

IIII.

And naked as it ſtood before his eyes,
Imperious *Loue* declares his Deitie:
O what alluring beauties he deſcries
In each part of his faire imagerie!
Her nakednesſe each beauteous ſhape containes,
All beauty in her nakednesſe remaines.

V.

He thought he ſaw the bloud run through the ve
And leape and ſwell with all alluring meanes:
Then feares he is deceiu'd; and then againe
He thinkes he ſees the brightneſſe of the beames
Which ſhoote from out the faireneſſe of her eye,
At which he ſtands as in an extaſie.

VI.

Her Amber-coloured faire ſhining haire,
Makes him proteſt, the Sunne hath ſpred her hea
With golden beames, and made her far more fa
But when her cheeks his amorous thoughts had f
Then he exclaymes, ſuch red, and ſuch pure whit
Did neuer bleſſe the eye of mortall ſight.

VII.

hen view'd her lips, no lips did ſeeme ſo faire
his conceit, through which he thinkes doth flye
ſweet a breath, that doth perfume the ayre.
en next her dimpled chinne he doth deſcry,
d viewes and wonders, and yet viewes her ſtill:
Loues eyes in viewing neuer haue their fill.

VIII.

r breſts like poliſht Iuory appeare,
hoſe modeſt mount, do bleſſe admiring eye,
d makes him wiſh for ſuch a pillow-beare.
us fond *Pigmalion* ſtriueth to deſcry
ach beauteous part, not letting ouer-ſlip
e parcell of his curious workemanſhip.

IX.

till his eye deſcended ſo farre downe,
at it deſcryed *Loues* Pauillion;
ere *Cupid* doth inioy his onely crowne,
d *Venus* hath her chiefeſt manſion:
re would he winke, and winking looke againe,
h eyes and thoughts would gladly there remain.

Who

X

Who euer ſaw the ſubtill City Dame (pr
In ſacred Church when her pure thoughts ſhoul
Peere through her fingers ſo to hide her ſhame,
When that her eye her minde would faine bewra
So would he view and winke, and view againe,
A chaſter thought could not his eyes retaine.

XI.

Hee wondred that ſhe bluſht not, when his eye
Saluted thoſe ſame parts of ſecrecy:
Conceiting not it was imagery
That kindly yeelded that large libertie.
Oh that my Miſtreſſe were an Image too,
That I might blameleſſe her perfections view.

XII.

But when the faire proportion of her thigh
Beganne appeare: O *Ouid*, would he cry,
Did ere *Corinna* ſhew ſuch Iuorie,
When ſhe appear'd in *Venus* liuorie?
And thus enamourd doates on his owne Art,
Which he did worke, to worke his pleaſing ſmart.

XIII.

nd fondly doating, oft he kist her lip,
t would he dally with her Iuory brests:
o wanton Loue-trick would he ouer-slip,
t still obseru'd all amorous behests,
hereby he thought he might procure the loue
his dull Image, which no plaints could moue.

XIIII.

ooke how the peeuish Papists crouch and kneele
some dumbe Idoll, with their offering,
if a senceleſſe carued stone could feele
e ardor of his booteleſſe chattering:
fond he was and earnest in his suite
his remorceleſſe Iniage, dumbe, and mute.

XV.

oft doth wish his soule might part asunder,
that one halfe in her had residence:
thee exclaymes, O beauties onely wonder,
eere modell of delight, faire excellence,
gracious vnto him that formed thee,
mpassionate his true loues ardencie!

Shee

XVI.

Shee with her ſilence ſeemes to grant his ſute.
Then he all iocund like a wanton Louer,
With amorous embracements doth ſalute
Her ſlender waſte, preſuming to diſcouer
The veile of *Loue*, where *Cupid* doth delight
To ſport and dally all the ſable night.

XVII.

His eyes, her eyes, kindly encountered,
His breſt, her breſt, oft ioyned cloſe vnto,
His armes imbracements oft ſhe ſuffered:
Hands, armes, eies, tongue, lips, & all parts did w
His thigh with hers, his knee plaid with her knee
"A happy conſort when all parts egree.

XVIII.

But when he ſaw (poore ſoule) he was deceiued,
(Yet ſcarce he could beleeue his ſenſe had failed,
Yet when he found all hope from him bereaued,
And ſaw how fondly all his thoughts had erred,
Then did he like to poore *Ixion* ſeeme,
That clipt a cloud in ſtead of heauens Queene.

XIX.

t haue ſmil'd to ſee the foolerie
ſome ſweete youths, who ſeriouſly proteſt,
t *Loue* reſpects not actuall luxurie:
onely ioyes to dally ſport and ieſt,
is a child, contented with a toy,
uſk-point, or ſome fauour ſtils the Boy.

XX.

ke my *Pigmalion* whoſe affections ardor
bee a mirror to poſterity:
viewing, touching, kiſſing, (common fauour)
ld neuer ſatiate his loues ardency.
therfore (Ladies) think that they ne're loue you,
doe not vnto more then kiſſing moue you.

XXI.

my *Pigmalion* kiſt, view'd, and imbraced,
yet exclaymes; Why were theſe women made
acred gods) and with ſuch beauties graced?
e they not power as well to coole and ſhade,
r to heate mens hearts? Or is there none?
e they all, like mine, relentleſſe ſtone?

With

XXII.

With that he takes her in his louing armes,
And downe within a Downe-bed ſoftly laid her
Then on his knees hee all his ſenſes charmes,
To inuocate ſweete *Venus* for to raiſe her
To wiſhed life, and to infuſe ſome breath,
To that which dead, yet gaue a life to death.

XXIII.

Thou ſacred Queene of ſportiue dallying,
(Thus he beginnes) *Loues* onely Em'preſſe,
Whoſe kingdome reſts in wanton reuelling,
Let me beſeech thee ſhew thy powerfulneſſe
In changing ſtone to fleſh; make her relent,
And kindely yeeld to thy ſweete blandiſhment.

XXIIII.

O gracious goddeſſe take compaſſion,
Inſtill into her ſome celeſtiall fire,
That ſhe may equalize affection,
And haue a mutuall loue, and loues deſire.
Thou know'ſt the force of Loue, then pity mee,
Compaſſionate my true loues ardencie.

XXV.

Thus hauing ſaid, he riſeth from the floore,
As if his ſoule diuined him good fortune,
Hoping his prayers to pity mou'd ſome Power;
For all his thoughts did all good lucke importune:
And therefore ſtraight he ſtrips him naked quite,
That in the bed he might haue more delight.

XXVI.

Then thus, Sweet ſheetes, he ſayes, which now doe (couer
The Idol of my ſoule, the faireſt one
That euer lou'd, or had an amorous Louer,
Arths only modell of perfection:
Sweet happy ſheetes, daine for to take me in,
That I my hopes and longing thoughts may win.

XXVII.

With that, his nimble limbes doe kiſſe the ſheetes;
And now he bowes him for to lay him downe;
And now each part with her faire parts do meete,
How doth he hope for to enioy *Lones* crowne:
How do they dally, kiſſe, imbrace together,
Like *Leda's* Twinnes at ſight of faireſt weather.

XXVIII.

Yet al's conceit: but ſhadow of that bliſſe,
Which now my muſe ſtriues ſweetly to diſplay
In this my wondrous Metamorphoſis,
Daine to beleeue me, now I ſadly ſay;
The ſtony ſubſtance of his Image feature,
Was ſtraight transformd into a liuing Creature.

XXIX.

For when his hands her faire form'd limbs had fel
And that his armes her naked waſte imbraced,
Each part like Waxe before the Sunne did melt:
And now, oh now, he findes how he is graced
By his own worke. Tut, women will relent,
When as they finde ſuch mouing blandiſhment.

XXX.

Doe but conceiue a Mothers paſſing gladneſſe,
(After that death her onely Sonne had ſeyzed,
And ouerwhelm'd her ſoule with endleſſe ſadneſ
When that ſhe ſees him 'gin for to be raiſed
From out his deadly ſound to life againe:
Such ioy *Pigmalion* feeles in euery veyne.

XXXI.

And yet he feares he doth but dreaming finde
So rich content and such celestiall bliſſe:
Yet when he proues, and findes her wondrous kind,
Yeelding ſoft touch for touch, ſweet kiſſe for kiſſe,
Hee's well aſſur'd no faire Imagery
Could yeeld ſuch pleaſing loues felicity.

XXXII.

O wonder not to heare me thus relate,
And ſay to fleſh transformed was a ſtone;
Had I my Loue in ſuch a wiſhed ſtate,
As was afforded to *Pigmalion*,
Though flinty hard, of her you ſoone ſhould ſee
As ſtrange a transformation wrought by me.

XXXIII.

And now me thinkes ſome wanton itching eare
With luſtfull thoughts and ill intention,
Liſt's to my Muſe, expecting for to heare
The amorous deſcription of that action,
Which *Venus* ſeekes and euer doth require,
When fitneſſe grants a place to pleaſe deſire.

XXXIIII.

Let him conceit but what himselfe would doe,
When that he had obtained such a fauour
Of her to whom his thoughts were bound vnto,
If she, in recompence of his loues labour,
Would daine to let one paire of sheetes containe
The willing bodies of these louing twaine.

XXXV.

Could he, oh, could he, when that each to either
Did yeeld kinde kissing, and more kinde imbracing
Could he when that they felt, and clipt together,
And might inioy the life of dallying,
Could he, abstaine, midst such a wanton sporting,
From doing that which is not fit reporting?

XXXVI.

What would he do, when that her softest skinne
Saluted his with a delightfull kisse?
When all things fit for loues sweete pleasuring,
Inuited him to reape a Louers blisse?
What he would doe, the selfe-same action
Was not neglected by *Pigmalion*.

XXXVII.

For when he found that life had tooke his seate
Within the brest of his kinde beauteous Loue,
When that he found that warmth and wished heat,
Which might a Saint and coldest spirit moue,
Then armes, eyes, hands, tongue, lips, and wanton (thigh,
Were willing agents in *Loues* luxurie.

XXXVIII.

Who knowes not what ensues? O pardon mee,
ee gaping eares that swallow vp my lines,
xpect no more. Peace, idle Poesie:
e not obsceane, though wanton in thy rimes.
nd chaster thoughts, pardon if I do trip,
if some loose lines from my pen do slip.

XXXIX.

t this suffice that that same happy night
gracious were the gods of Marriage,
dst all their pleasing and long wish't delight,
hus was got: of whom in after-age
us was *Paphos* call'd, and euermore
se Ilanders doe *Venus* name adore.

FINIS.

The Author in praise of h
precedent Poem.

NOw *Rufus*, by old *Glebrons* fearefull mace,
Hath not my Muſe deſeru'd a worthy place?
Come, come, *Luxurio*, crowne my head with Bay
Which like a Paphian, wantonly diſplayes
The Salaminian titillations,
Which tickle vp our lewd Priapians.
Is not my pen compleate? are not my lines
Right in the ſwaggering humour of theſe times?
O ſing, *Peana*, to my learned Muſe,
Io bis dicite. Wilt thou refuſe?
Do not I put my Miſtreſſe in before?
And pitiouſly her gracious ayde implore?

The Author in praiſe, &c.

Doe not I flatter, call her wondrous faire?
Vertuous, diuine, moſt debonaire?
Hath not my Goddeſſe in the vaunt-gard place,
The leading of my lines their Plumes to grace?
And then enſues my ſtanzaes, like odde bands
Of voluntaries, and mercenarians:
Which like Soldados of our warlike age,
March rich bedight in warlike equipage:
Glitttering in dawbed lac'd accouſtrements,
And pleaſing ſuites of loues habiliments,
Yet puffie as Dutch hoſe they are within,
Faint and white liuer'd, as our gallants bin:
Patch'd like a beggers cloake, and run as ſweet
As doth a tumbrell in the paued ſtreet.
And in the end, (the end of loue I wot)

The Author in praiſe

Pigmalion hath a iolly boy begot.
So *Labeo* did complaine his loue was ſtone,
Obdurate, flinty, ſo relentleſſe none:
Yet *Lynceus* knowes, that in the end of this,
He wrought as ſtrange a metamorphoſis.
Ends not my Poem then ſurpaſſing ill?
Come, come, *Auguſtus*, crowne my laureat quill.
Now by the whips of *Epigramatiſts*,
Ile not be laſht for my diſſembling ſhifts,
And therefore I vſe Popelings diſcipline,
Lay ope my faults to *Maſtigophoros* eyne:
Cenſure my ſelfe, fore others me deride,
And ſcoffe at me, as if I had denide,
Or thought my Poem good, when that I ſee
My lines are froth, my ſtanzaes ſapleſſe be.

Thus

of his *Pigmalion.*

hus hauing rail'd againſt my ſelfe awhile,
ſnarle at thoſe, which doe the world beguile
ith masked ſhowes. Ye changing *Proteans* liſt,
d tremble at a barking Satyriſt.

Quæ-

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE LOVE OF *Amos* and *Laura*.

Written by *S. P.*

LONDON
Printed for *Richard Hawkins*, dwelling in Chancery-Lane, neere Sericants Inne. 1619.

THE LOVE

OF

BRITISH
MUSEUM

TO MY APPROVED AND MVCH RESPECTED FRIEND, Iz. Wa.

TO thee, thou more then thrice beloued friend,
I too vnworthy of so great a bliſſe:
ese harſh-tun'd lines I here to thee commend,
ou being cauſe it is now as it is:
For hadſt thou held thy tongue, by ſilence might
Theſe haue beene buried in obliuions night.

hey were pleaſing, I would call them thine,
d diſauow my title to the verſe:
being bad, I needes muſt call them mine.
ill thing can be cloathed in thy verſe.
Accept them then, and where I haue offended,
Raſe thou it out, and let it be amended.

S. P.

THE AVTHOR *to his booke.*

GO, little booke, into the largeſt world,
And blaze the chaſtnes of thy maiden M
Regardleſſe of all enuie on thee hurld,
By the vnkindneſſe that the Readers vſe:
And thoſe that enuie thee by ſcruples letter,
Bid them take pen in hand and make a better.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE LOVE OF *Amos* and *Laura*.

N the large confines of renowned *France*
There liu'd a Lord, whom Fortune did aduance,
Who had a Daughter, *Laura* call'd the faire;
sweete, so proper, and so debonaire,
at strangers tooke her for to be none other,
en *Venus* selfe, the god of *Loues* owne Mother.
t farre from thence was situate a Towne,
e Lord thereof a man of good renowne;
hom likewise Fortune blessed with a Sonne,
mos by name, so modest, ciuill, young,
d yet in fight so wondrous and so bold,
that therein he passed vncontroul'd:
kinde to strangers, and so meeke to all,
comely grace and stature, somewhat tall.

As

As the wide world not two such Imps affords,
As were the off-springs of these happy Lords.
Hunting he lou'd, and therefore in a morne
He shakes off sleepe (for ease he laughs to scorne)
Before the sable Curtaines of the East
Proclaym'd the Sunnes approach vnto the West;
Or *Tytan*, Lordly ruler of the morne, [*The A
Had in his Chariot, left the night forlorn; *tipod*
Or sounded sleepe to *them, with whom (men sa
It's darkesome night, when we enioy the day:
He brac'd his Hounds, and striding o're his Steed
Hope with a conquest, did the Youngster feed:
Which done, he hies him to a mighty wood,
That ioyn'd where *Laura's* Fathers Palace stood.
Thither being come, a Bore he rais'd, whose pace
Did make our Hunts-man lose his hounds in cha
Ranging the woods, he light into a Groue,
More pleasant farre then that where *Venus* stroue
To win *Adonis* to her hearts desire,
Mou'd by the burning zeale of sweete *Loues* fire.

In this ſweete Groue god *Pan* did keepe his Court,
And ſummon'd all the petty gods reſort,
As Satyr's, Nimphes, and others to the ſame,
Where all ſing prayſes vnto *Laura's* name.
Into this Groue (neere to her chamber ſide)
To take the Ayre) ſhe comes forth; ſoone eſpide
Of the young Huntſ-man, who made haſte vnto her,
And thus the Nouice there begins to woo her:
Arragon of beauty, diuine, though earthly creature,
And yet Celeſtiall in thy heauenly feature:
This ſodaine courting and vnwelcome ſight,
Made her adde wings to feare, and to that, flight:
He following after, caught her by the traine,
That in a rage the Maide turn'd backe againe,
And did demaund why he without remorce,
Durſt cauſe her ſtay, againſt her will, by force?
Mou'd by the Roſiate colour of thy face,
Wherein conſiſts (quoth he) all heauenly grace)
I was too bold, I muſt confeſſe indeede,
To touch the ſeluage of thy ſacred weede:

For which my ſelfe Ile puniſh as thou wilt,
With any paine, for my deſerued guilt.
Doe but pronounce the ſentence of my death,
Theſe hands ſhall be the butchers of my breath:
But ſince the merit of my fault's no deeper,
O let me be thy priſoner, thou my Keeper;
So ſhall thine eyes be witneſſe of the woe,
Which for my bold offence Ile vndergoe.
Pronounce thy ſentence then. Wherwith ſhe ſpake
You are your Crafts-man, Sir: and there ſhe brake
Yet turning back (quoth ſhe) O would 'twere true
Your loue were firme to me, as mine to you!
And here ſhe ceaſed: for when he came neere her,
She was afraid that he would ouer-heare her.
And art thou ſo vnwilling then (quoth he)
To doome the ſentence which I aske of thee?
Perſwade thy ſelfe, it is thy purer mind,
That will not let thy heart proue ſo vnkinde:
O would that minde were mine, to ioyne thy hear
Either to end my life, or eaſe my ſmart.

Lou

Loue is my ſuite. Nor hate is my reply,
(Quoth ſhe.) (Quoth he) I cannot court it, I;
They which but view the error in my lookes,
May finde I neuer learn'd in *Cupids* bookes:
But like a ſtone rough hewen from the rockes,
And after polliſh'd by the Maſons knockes,
The former ſhewes but baſe then in compare,
So to my Loue my ſpeech diſgraces are:
For were my ſpeech true patterne of my minde,
Not as it doth, ſhould't come, but farre more kinde:
Like as a Marchant hearing of a loſſe,
Is wondrous ſorry for ſo great a croſſe;
And after heareth by a true report,
His goods are ſafely landed in the Port,
Cannot expreſſe the ioy he doth conceiue:
For why? it doth his ſences quite bereaue,
And yet with ſigne of ſorrow blames th'euent,
Although it ſeeme moſt plaine and euident.
Or like a Ship toſs'd by tempeſtuous weather,
Now here, then there; now back again, then thither,

That whirle-winds meeting (roaring out aloud)
Make watry mountaines shew the ship each cloud
Then with such furie they descend the deepe,
From top of triple-Cedar-mountaines steepe,
As of the Seas rich orientall shew,
Against their wils they take a counter-view.
So fares his minde, which tossed to and fro,
Sometimes doth ioy, and other times is woe:
Sometimes from depth ascends into the ayre,
And though he hope, he hides it with despaire.
So long with feruent zeale he mou'd his sute,
Onely for want of words his tongue was mute.
"Where true affection rules in hottest fires,
"Dumbe signes and tokens then shew mens desires
For what he thought he shew'd, he could not vtter
Which made him oft, whē he should speak, to mutter
She that was wounded with the selfe-same dart,
Reueal'd with tong that which she wisht with hart
And fram'd her answere, so much 't could not grieue
For 'twas a salue to wound and to relieue him. (him

Sa

Say I could loue (quoth ſhe) my milder minde,
(Vnleſſe you further moue) cannot vnkinde,
Frame you an anſwere: for we are by nature
So much addicted to mans heauenly feature,
That though your faults are great by your abuſe,
To blinde the ſame, it is our womans vſe.
Then as thou found'ſt me, leaue me, if thou wilt;
That ſhall be all I render for thy guilt:
Further, I will not credite thy report:
Farewell; begone, for I am miſt in Court.
With that ſhe flyes, and in her flight ſhe leaues
A well-wrought Scarfe, which ſtraight the wind vp heaues;
And proud of ſuch a prize, they do infer
With their Embaſſage vnto *Iupiter*,
And there preſented it: who, as 'twas right,
Did make the windes returne't with ſwifteſt flight,
Vnto the place where *Amos* ſtood amazed
At that which hapt, who like a mad-man gazed,
Wondring what ſhe by this illuſion meant,
When to allure him was her whole intent:

But led in admiration moſt of all,
At the rich Scarfe which from the Maide did fall,
He viewes the worke, where finding of *Apollo*
Chaſing a Nymph, who ſwifter then a Swallow
Flyeth his armes, for feare did lend her wings
To flye from him, which after her ſoone flings.
Himſelfe a foole he calls, that wanting skill,
Being allur'd, he had not knowne her will.
Doubtfull, he feares offence committed to her,
That he ſo raſhly, gain'ſt her will durſt woo her.
To cleare himſelfe of which offence, he flyes,
Reſolu'd to win the Maide, or loſe the prize,
With proſperous haſte. O may thy haſte well ſpeed
Whoſe wondrous loue did vertuouſly proceede:
Not from the flames of filthy luſts deſire,
As was that Rome-borne *Tarquines* luſtfull fire:
But as vnſpotleſſe from that filthy thought,
From that moſt hell-deſeruing thing of nought,
As euer heart lodg'd in a loyall breſt,
Or tongue, vntaught to lye, euer expreſt.

But why do I digreſſe the path I treade,
Cloying your eares with that your eyes doe reade?
Pardon my boldneſſe, and giue eare a while
To that, of him, which my inferiour ſtile
Shall now expreſſe: though't not with honor ſtands,
He thinks one paire of legs worth twice two hands.
The Arrow ſwift ſent from the ſturdy Bow,
May be accounted (to his flight) but ſlow:
At laſt he gain'd the Court, to which being come,
It ſhew'd like to the Palace of the Sunne
Deſcrib'd in *Ouid*: for in length and faireneſſe,
None might ſurpaſſe the workemanſhip & rarenes.
Through which his way lies, & he needs muſt paſſe,
The pauement Marble was, the walls of Glaſſe:
Whereunder was ſo liuely caru'd the Story
Of great *Ioues* loue, his wondrous works and glory,
With many others loue: which to rehearſe
Would adde a mighty volume to my Verſe,
Beſides mine owne weake wit: for I do know it,
He was a better workeman, then I Poet.

Yet could not this abate the Louers pace:
For he ſtill holds the louely Maide in chace.
Paſſing the Court, he comes into a Greene,
Which was in middeſt of the Palace ſeene:
Thorough the midſt there ranne a pleaſant Spring,
On each ſide with a wall of brick hemm'd in,
Onely in midſt, a Stile; beyond, a Planke.
Which for a bridge did ſerue to either banke,
Ouer this ſtile as *Laura* lightly skips,
In her rent garment happily it ſlips,
And held her there awhile till he came to her,
Where once againe the Nouice gins to woo her.
Flye not thy friend, our Maker willeth ſo,
Things reaſonleſſe approue and wiſh it to;
If without ſenſe and reaſon all things then
Obſerue a better courſe then humane men,
How ſauage were we then offending ſo,
Committing that which we offence do know?
O were my tongue a ſecond *Orpheus* Harpe,
That to my loue I might allure thy heart!

were thy loue but equall vnto mine,
en wouldſt thou ſeeke his fauor who ſeeks thine!
thinkes vnkindneſſe cannot come from thence,
here beauty raignes with ſuch magnificence,
eane from thee whom nature hath endow'd
ith more then Art would willingly allow'd:
d though by nature you are borne moſt faire,
t Art would adde a beauty to your ſhare:
it being ſpotleſſe doth diſdaine receit
all vnpolliſh'd painting counterfeit.
ur beauty is a ſnare vnto our wayes,
erein once caught, wee cannot brooke delayes;
ich makes vs oft through griefe of minde grow (ſad.
eſe follows grief, then malecontent & mad,
s by denyall doe you cauſe our woe,
d then do triumph in our ouer-throw.
at is it to be faire? Onely a vanity,
ding bloſſome of no perpetuity.
ſider this: for beauty is a flower,
iect to ill occaſions euery hower;

Or

It

Ames and *Laura.*

It is a tenure holden, as we ſee,
Durante Dei placito, not in fee.
Meaſure my Loue then, prooue it by a tryall:
Let me not languiſh ſtill by your denyall.
If in my ſute I erre as by miſchance,
Blame not my Loue, but count it ignorance.
The tongue is but an inſtrument of nought,
And cannot ſpeake the largeneſſe of the thought
For when the minde abounds and almoſt breake
Then through abundance of the heart it ſpeaketh
No man can ſpeake but what he hath in minde,
Then what I ſpeake, I thinke; be not vnkinde
Vnto your ſeruant, who obedience proffers,
And makes firme loue the obiect of his offers.
I will not boaſt of Parentage, or Lyne,
For all are baſe, reſpecting thee diuine:
Nor will I boaſt of wealth, or riches ſtore,
For in thy face conſiſts all wealth and more.
Pure are my thoughts as skin betweene thy brow
And eke as chaſte my ſpeech, my oathes, & vow

Spe

ake, ſweeteſt faire, but one kinde word to me,
w can (alas) that be offence in thee?
re was a Dame, a moderne Poet ſung,
v by name, like thee, both faire and young:
d both ſo faire, that you did others paſſe
arre as faireſt Dyamonds common glaſſe,
om young *Leander* courted on a Greene,
laide ſo faire (but thee) was neuer ſeene.
granted loue, which he (alas) to gaine,
reape thoſe ioyes did croſſe the briniſh Maine.
loue to thee, I now compare to his;
ounting danger, ſo requited, bliſſe.
re are no Seas to ſeparate our ioy,
future danger can our loue annoy:
n grant to me what ſhe denide not him;
ood in her, in thee it is no ſinne.
Sunne hath ſhin'd thus long, O let not now
Sunne be darkened by thine angry brow.
rather let each looke a Comet be,
t may preſage my happy deſtinie.

I could to you a ſhort diſcourſe impart,
That would relent the direſt ſtony heart,
Wer't not offence. It's no offence (quoth ſhe.)
Then thus the ſame Ile briefely tell (quoth he:)
A poore old man by chance did breake his leg,
And he was told where he was wont to beg,
That ſuch a Surgion (telling of his name,)
If that he pleas'd, could quickly cure the ſame.
Which when he heard, for helpe to him he goes,
And craues for Gods ſake he would eaſe his woe
The Surgion greedy to haue coyne therefore,
But finding none, he would not heale the ſore:
Which caus'd the poore old man to keepe his be
That he for want of helpe in time was dead.
Alas poore ſoule; (quoth ſhe) and did he dye?
Would I were Iudge, or hee were ſuch as I,
I ſo would vſe the Surgion, as that hee
Should feele the griefe which he before did ſee.
Thus you confeſſe your wrong to me, ſweet Ma
If you performe (quoth he) the words you ſaid.

m the man, who wounded, ſeekes reliefe:
d you, the cauſer of my endleſſe griefe;
u are the Surgion, whom I vrge the more
cure the wound, becauſe you made the ſore:
not obdurate then, ſith my diſeaſe
quickly cured by the Surgions pleaſe.
d this I vow, water ſhall turne to fire,
ge maſſie mountaines to the clouds aſpire; (nes,
Sun ſhall leaue his courſe, the Moon her bright-
ght turne to day, and day ſhall loſe his lightnes;
nes ſhall flye, birds ſwimme; and Hare ſhall hunt
Hound, which to purſue the Hare was wont.
re, Earth, Fire, Water, all things which you view,
ll change their natures, ere I turne from you:
longer then I breathe a loyall friend,
me (O heauens) endure a wicked end.
nce (quoth ſhe) and here let ceaſe thy ſute,
ſe of diſtruſt in loue did make me mute:
e why I yeelded in ſo ſhort a ſeaſon,
auſe I loue, that is a womans reaſon.

Yet

Yet Maides are fearefull; for by mens abuſe,
Courting is turned to a common vſe,
How is he held, that cannot in theſe dayes
Faſh'on his words to each fantaſtike phraſe?
Which makes vs oft with one word to debaſe
Him from our boſomes, whom our hearts imbra
And, as you men doefor a Prouerbe make it,
That which we loue, we oft ſay nay and take it.
Delayes breede danger, wherefore what I ſaid,
And what agrees with Honour, and a Maide,
Yeeld to thee, but yet on this condition,
Thou ſhalt not dare t'attempt the leaſt fruition
Of my chaſte thoughts, by drawing them aſide,
Before in wedlocke I am made thy Bride.
This ſaid; ſhe to the Court, he to his Hounds,
Where they had ſlain a Bore whoſe bloud abou
Glad of the prey, he haſtneth home amaine,
With ſhort returne he comes to her againe,
And hauing ioyn'd themſelues in *Hymens* bands,
The ſacred Prieſt vniteth heart and hands:
They reape thoſe ioyes which elder louers kn
And thus my Tale doth end, thus ends their w

FINIS.

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